

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1871.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY (SATURDAY)
—CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Madame Vaurine, Signor Caravoglia, Madame Schumann. Conductor Mr. MANN. Mozart's Symphony in E flat; Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor; Overtures, "Don Quixote" and "Manfred."

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MISS KATHARINE POYNTZ requests that all communications respecting engagements at Concerts, Oratorios, &c., be addressed to her residence, 35, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street, London, W.

MADLE. LINA GLOVER, Mr. VERNON RIGBY, and other eminent Artists will sing at the forthcoming Grand Concert for the benefit of the French Refugees' Benevolent Fund, to take place at St. George's Hall, Regent Street, on the 15th March, when Professor Glover's Cantata "ST. PATRICK'S EVE," will be performed with full Orchestra and Chorus of 250 performers.

HERR CARL STEPAN and Madame LAURA BAXTER will sing at the forthcoming Grand Concert for the French Refugees' Benevolent Fund, at St. George's Hall, Regent Street, on the 15th March, when Professor Glover's Cantata, "ST. PATRICK'S EVE," will be performed, with full Chorus of 250 Performers.

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Conductor—Mr. W. G. CUSINS.

The CONCERTS will take place during the ensuing season at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evenings, March 8 and March 22, and on Monday evenings, April 24, May 8, May 22, June 5, June 19, and July 3.

The programme of the first concert, on March 8th, will contain a selection from the works of Mons. Gounod, who has accepted the invitation to conduct.

The Directors have the pleasure to announce that, through the kindness of a lady residing at Perth (taking a deep interest in everything connected with the illustrious composer), the Society has become possessed of an original Bust of Beethoven. It was modelled by the celebrated sculptor, Prof. F. Schaller, of Vienna, by order of Beethoven's friend, Carl Holz, and of which no copy exists.

Mindful of the spontaneous generosity and veneration which were shown to the immortal master during the last years of his life, this lady has dedicated and presented this bust, with some valuable relics, to the Philharmonic Society, in celebration of his centenary.

It will be exhibited on the evening of the 8th March, and, in compliance with the wish of the donor, the C minor symphony will be performed.

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FERDINAND HILLER ON BEETHOVEN.

Anything that Dr. Ferdinand Hiller chooses to say on musical topics must be worth hearing, but when the Cologne professor delivers himself upon Beethoven—a subject he of all men is competent to discuss—it behoves those who take an interest in the theme to give special heed. Hence, we were glad to find in the volume which Mr. Graeme has put forth as a memorial of the past centenary an essay on "The Hundredth Anniversary of Beethoven's Birth," originally contributed to a German periodical by Dr. Hiller, as also some remarks from the same pen upon the great master's pianoforte sonatas. Each paper is worthy of consideration, but we shall give preference to the essay, for reasons it can hardly be necessary to state.

Dr. Hiller heads his essay "Quasi Fantasia," and the term conveys a better idea of its character than would the longest explanation. The paper is partly argumentative, partly rhapsodical, and wholly enthusiastic, but argument, rhapsody, and enthusiasm are accompanied by that sound philosophy which is salt to give the whole a savour. Dr. Hiller plunges at once in *medias res* by defining one of the uses of genius to be the imparting "the highest good in which we are capable of participating—the forgetfulness of self in a nobler life." "Genius," he goes on to say, "it is that gives us, if but for a few short hours, that which the believer awaits with earnest hope in another and better world." Hardly will this dictum be combated by anybody who, under the influence of Shakspeare, or Raphael, or Mozart, has passed from the cares and turmoil of real life to an ideal existence of purest enjoyment. We may, therefore, at once follow Dr. Hiller as he claims the highest honours for the genius which pertained to Beethoven. The professor harbours no doubt at all on this point. "Has there," he asks, "ever existed a poet who transported our souls into his ideal kingdom with more irresistible force than our Beethoven? Certainly not. More universal effects have been achieved by others, but none more deep and noble. Nay, we may say, without exaggeration, that never did an artist live whose creations were so truly new;—his sphere was the unforeseen." We may not anticipate for these remarks the unanimous acceptance due to the more general observations which precede them, because, unfortunately, there are many men of cultured minds and keen appreciation to whom Beethoven speaks in a dead language. By no musician, however, will Dr. Hiller's claim on the master's behalf be opposed. To all such, Beethoven holds the keys of an ideal world more readily accessible and more beautiful, than any other of which genius keeps the gate. The duty of the "higher man" towards the phenomenon here visible is next discussed; and Dr. Hiller lays down a course which, he justly says, "would require an enormous apparatus of a biographic and æsthetic nature, including a knowledge of the history of art and culture, and an acquaintance with musical technicalities." Here, for example, is the task to be achieved by any man who would thoroughly comprehend Beethoven:—"He asks what the divine germs, existing even in the hoping child, demanded for its development? what brought it out into blossom—what influences worked upon it beneficially—to what extent was he, who was so nobly gifted, supported and furthered by moral strength—how he used the talent committed to him—how he fought through the life struggle from which no mortal is exempt? And then he inquires again and further—Which of his qualities, which of the properties peculiar to himself affect us most strongly?—In what relation does he stand to the development of his art?—In what to that of his nation?—How does he appear with regard to his own century?" Clearly from Dr. Hiller's point of view, the æsthetic life of Beethoven has yet to be written, and we shall have to wait some time for a man with the "enormous apparatus" required to write it.

His exordium ended, our essayist goes on to show that nearly all great musicians have been youthful prodigies. For "marvellous children" in general we are glad to find Dr. Hiller has no special love; but "none the less does the fact remain that no intellectual gift shows or develops itself earlier than that of music." The explanation is that "Nature knows what she is about. He alone to whom this wondrous tone-language has become a second mother-tongue will be able to express himself with freedom in it." So Nature sets her future musicians chattering in the "tone-language" so soon as ever power of speech has come. Beethoven was a prodigy, but not of an astonishing kind—not one, fortunately, to be taken round the world and made a show of, like poor little Mozart. Nevertheless, he was a prodigy of that "sound, healthy sort" which rather suggests future achievements than excites present marvel. In the influences of his surroundings Dr. Hiller points out both that which was good and evil. Beethoven played the viola in his Elector's orchestra, and it was "invaluable for him, the future Commander of the instrumental tone world, to have served in the line." On this point Dr. Hiller gives a hint worth notice by all aspiring musicians:—"Every striving young composer ought, as a matter of duty, to act for at least one year as member of an orchestra, were it only at the great drum. It is the surest method of making the

individuality of the different sound organs ineffaceably one's own." Beethoven enjoyed this advantage, but against it must be set what was not an advantage—a training imperfect enough to keep Word and Tone apart. The result of this is seen in the indisputable weakness which, as a rule, prevented Beethoven from using combined voices and orchestra with a power equal to that shown in his compositions for orchestra alone. "That perfect union," says Dr. Hiller—"that melting in one another of both factors—which is peculiar to Mozart and Handel, is found only separately in him." Dr. Hiller also dwells upon Beethoven's lack of scientific knowledge; his devotion to the highest works of poetry, and—Herr Hiller is a true German—even his residence on the banks of "our joyous old Rhine," as things which materially influenced the young composer's mind; taking care, however, to observe that "most powerfully, in such a genius, worked the pure creative impulse; that eternally glowing fire in the deepest recesses of his nature, with its volcanic but—in this instance—blissful eruptions."

Everybody knows that Beethoven when still a young man removed to Vienna, and never left that imperial city. Dr. Hiller is doubtful—or rather, we should say, not doubtful—as to the influence of Vienna upon the composer. He becomes "faint at heart" when remembering with what difficulty Beethoven managed to produce his symphonies, and believes that under other conditions the obscurity that now veils so many of his works would have had no existence. We altogether dissent from this opinion, if only because it is impossible for us to believe that the quartets and sonatas with which "hundreds torment themselves" (the expression is Dr. Hiller's!) are what they are simply because their composer was a disappointed and dissatisfied man. To credit this would be to make the obscurity of Beethoven not that of the nebulae above us, but of the dark ravine which invites the mountain traveller to sound its depths. Moreover, we would remind Dr. Hiller that had Beethoven continued to live in North Germany he would hardly have fared better, judging by contemporary criticisms of his works, than among the more impulsive, generous, attractive people of the south.

With our essayist's estimate of the chief features in Beethoven's character most people will agree. The master was beyond measure industrious and zealous in the exercise of his art. "His first sketches, like the autograph of his scores, show in the plainest manner that inflexible persistency, that unwearied patience, which we presuppose in the scientific investigator, but which, in the inspired singer, fill us with astonishment and admiration." Beethoven was also truthful and proud, though not vain. He had the consciousness of his intellectual power—he rejoiced to see it recognized—but he despised the small change of every-day applause. We should like to quote at length Herr Hiller's masterly description of Beethoven's musical genius as revealed in his works—a description not less truthful than eloquent, but "Enough! Enough! we should never have done were we to say all that could be said about such a mind." Here, therefore, we dismiss Dr. Hiller's essay with thanks to him for the writing of it, and with no censure for the unbounded Germanism of its peroration. Much "bunkum" is excusable in a German professor writing for Germans at such a time and on such a subject, though, perhaps, had it been omitted in this instance, one might have used the words of Schiller (slightly altered)—"In what he leaves unsaid I discover the judge of taste."

THADDEUS EGG.

MUNICH.—Herr Franz Nachbaur has so far recovered from his attack of typhus as to be able not only to leave his room, but even to take short walks. His voice, fortunately, has suffered no injury. It is, however, utterly impossible that he can resume his professional duties before the spring.

SALEZBURG.—The following were the principal pieces in the programme of the first Vereinsconcert given at the Mozartstiftung this season:—Symphony, C major, in four movements, Haydn; Andante and Rondo from the A minor Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, Molique; Air for Bass, with Double-Bass Solo, Mozart; and Overture to *Coriolan*, Beethoven. The concert was under the direction of Herr Otto Bach.

BERLIN.—On the conclusion of peace, a grand *Festspiel* will be produced at the Imperial Operahouse. It is written by Herr Hein, and set to music by Herr Bernhard Hopfer, the composer of the opera of *Frithjof*. According to report, Herr Niemann will sustain in it the part of Barbarossa.—A comic opera entitled *Der Botenläufer von Pirna* music by Herr Heinrich Dora, is in rehearsal at Kroll's Theatre.—Herr, Richard Wagner is about to publish a new work called *Die Bestimmung der Oper*.

BREAKFAST.—EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPE & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Eppe's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

It is always a pleasure to find an English composer, living and working honestly, though still unrecognized, allowed a chance of being heard at these admirable entertainments. And so the performance of Saturday afternoon, excellent on all accounts, was especially grateful to those who watch with interest the progress of the musical art among us, because one of the features of the programme was a selection from a manuscript work by a native-born musician. Mr. Henry Gadsby can scarcely be said to have won his spurs upon this particular occasion, inasmuch as an overture by him had already been given and justly applauded at the Crystal Palace. In musical circles he has for some years been known and his talent heartily acknowledged; but his opportunities of coming before the public are few and far between, and consequently, to him, all the more important. The movements introduced at Saturday's concert, from the second of two symphonies which Mr. Gadsby has already composed, exhibit quite enough of promise to make us anxious on some future occasion to hear the entire work. The first was a *larghetto* in D major, the second a *scherzo* in A minor. The *larghetto*, though, as it seemed to us, somewhat spun out, the precise value of the materials upon which it is built taken into consideration, has a melodious turn which is thoroughly real, contains many happy orchestral combinations, and everywhere shows signs of earnest thought and skilful contrivance. The *scherzo* may be praised without reserve, as full of life and genuine humour. The principal subject may be regarded as two themes in one; for that which is given to the wind instruments and that which is given to the string instruments are alike independently complete, and might be played separately. The movement from beginning to end is kept up with unflagging spirit; and the *cantabile* theme in E major which constitutes the *trio* is in effective contrast with its companion—if not quite so original. The two movements were extremely well played, Mr. Manns directing the orchestra with as much care and attention as if, instead of being Mr. Gadsby's music, it had been his own. The *scherzo* was received by the audience with general and well-merited applause.

The grand instrumental attraction of Saturday's programme was "The Consecration of Sound" (*Die Weihe der Töne*), that famous homage to the memory of his friend, Karl Pfeiffer, originally thought of in the form of a cantata, but which a lucky change of mind enabled the composer in (1832) to bequeath to the world as not only the most picturesque, but in a strictly musical sense the finest of all his symphonies. Among the orchestral compositions of Spohr known in this country, not one, not even the splendid overtures to *Faust*, *Jessonda*, and *The Alchemist* (very seldom heard, by the way, at the Crystal Palace) is so generally admired as the *Weihe der Töne*. This truly magnificent symphony, perhaps the most striking example of pure "realistic" music in existence, was—one or two always touchy points in the third movement, descriptive of the march to battle, the lamentations of those left behind, and the victorious return, excepted—performed on Saturday in nearly as faultless a style as on any occasion we can remember. The wind instruments in the first *allegro*—where the "voices of animated nature," chiefly represented by imitations of the song-notes of birds, with an under-current of accompaniment for the strings which may pass, without any stretch of the imagination, for the buzzing of innumerable insects, play so conspicuous a part—were all that could be wished. Not less satisfactory was the succeeding movement, in which the "Cradle Song," the "Dance," and the "Serenade of the Lover," (violinello *obbligato*—played by Mr. Reed), are first heard separately, and then, with wonderful ingenuity, combined; nothing indeed, could be better. The "Thanksgiving," with its masterly treatment of "The Hymn of St. Ambrose;" the "Funeral Dirge," with which the Lutheran choral, "Begrabt den Leib," is so beautifully interwoven; and, last not least, the incessantly tuneful *finale*, supposed to depict consolation after grief, were one and all well given. The entire performance was creditable in the highest degree to Mr. Manns and his orchestra. The symphony was received with the accustomed favour.

The first overture at this concert was the festive and brilliant orchestral prelude composed, with other incidental pieces, by Beethoven, for Kotzebue's *König Stephan*, a cantata written to celebrate the opening of a new theatre at Pesth, in 1812; and originally bear-

ing the title of *Ungarn's erste Wohlthäter*; the last was Weber's familiar *Euryanthe*, a noble inspiration—but, like the rest of the opera which its composer had calculated on being his masterpiece, thrown away upon a worthless libretto. Both these well-known compositions were admirably played, and appreciated at their worth. *King Stephen*, the least frequently heard of Beethoven's overtures, might be given oftener with advantage. Though, for Beethoven, generally light in character, it is full of new ideas and masterly passages.

The singers were Madame Cora de Wilhorst and Mr. Sims Reeves. The lady, an American, if we are not misinformed, has been *prima donna* at more than one Continental theatre. She has a bright and clear soprano voice, considerable facility, and plenty of what the French call "*élan*," and the English in homely vernacular "go." This was agreeably demonstrated in "Ah! come rapida," the once universally popular *cavatina* from Meyerbeer's *Crociato in Egitto*, and in the most prominent air from Donizetti's *Fille du Régiment*—each given in the language to which it was originally set. Both were unanimously applauded. About Madame de Wilhorst's success there could be no question. Mr. Sims Reeves, who was put down for "Love sounds the Alarm" (*Acis and Galatea*), substituted, "If with all your hearts," from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; and though Mr. Manns made an apology for the change, no one was disappointed, inasmuch as Mr. Reeves has rarely given this expressive apostrophe with more truly devotional feeling. Quite as good, in another style, was his delivery of Molique's graceful serenade, "When the moon is brightly shining"—for which he has always shown a strong partiality, and which he sings in perfection.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

Mr. Henry Leslie began his sixteenth season on Thursday night week, in St. James's Hall, with a selection of music, ancient and modern, admirably calculated for exhibiting to advantage his celebrated choir. Madrigals and part-songs, belonging without exception to the English school, were the chief attractions of the programme; and of these an effectively varied choice was made. After the National Anthem, which, as a matter of course, ushered in what was to come, the *bond fide* concert commenced with Mr. John Barnett's spirited madrigal, "Merrily wakes music's measure"—an extract, if we remember well, from his unjustly neglected opera of *Fair Rosamonda*. To this succeeded another madrigal, "Light of my soul," by R. L. de Pearsall, an able modern imitator of the old English manner; and then came a glee, "There is beauty on the mountain," by Mr. John Goss, one of our most learned as well as one of our most gifted composers—a glee with the genuine ring about it. This was sung by the members of the "London Vocal Quartet." A third madrigal, "As Vesta was descending," by Thomas Weelkes, took us back to the 16th century, and made us wonder why, so much progress having been made in other perhaps less important branches of musical composition, we should be so far inferior to our ancestors in this particular one. This madrigal by Weelkes is no less remarkable for its ingenious contrivance than for its simple beauty. A part-song by Mr. J. G. Callcott ("There is no flock"), and a madrigal by T. A. Walmisley, late Musical Professor at Cambridge ("Sweete flowers, ye were too faire"), though both, the last especially, well written, call for no particular remark; nor is there anything new to say about Mr. Henry Leslie's own smooth and harmonious setting of a familiar passage from *The Merchant of Venice*—"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank"—except that, like the others we have named, it was remarkably well sung. The first part of the concert, however, ended with two madrigals belonging to the 16th century, each in its way a model—John Benet's "Flow, O my tears," and Thomas Morley's "Fire, fire, my heart." The second began with a madrigal of somewhat later date, "O that the learned poets of this time," one of the drier, if not one of the least ingenious of Orlando Gibbons, and further comprised two part-songs from modern hands—"Come live with me," by Professor Sterndale Bennett, and "The Three Fishers," by G. A. Macfarren—which have every claim to be regarded as masterpieces. Add to these Dr. Callcott's glee, "Once upon my cheek," Mr. Arthur Sullivan's unpretending, though melodiously-expressive part-song, "O hush thee, my babe," and another part-song of more vigorous character, "You stole my

love," by Mr. W. C. Macfarren, and—with the admission that in no single instance was the "Choir" behind its reputation—we have said all that need be said of the special, and on that account most interesting, section of the programme. Mr. Henry Leslie has never conducted with more scrupulous care, and seldom with happier results. That hypercriticism might have picked out faults is unquestionable, but, the general merits of the performance taken into consideration, it would be a thoroughly ungrateful task.

There were solo vocal displays to vary and enliven the programme; and these could hardly have been chosen with better judgment. Miss Ellen Horne, who has a light and pleasing soprano voice, gave Bishop's pretty song, "Love has eyes," in a graceful and unaffected manner. To Mr. Santley were allotted the late Vincent Wallace's "Bellringer," a characteristic new song, composed by Mr. H. Leslie, called "The Boatswain's Leap;" and M. Gounod's famous "Nazareth," all of which were delivered in his best and most forcible style, and the last two encored. The chorus in unison at the close of M. Gounod's "Nazareth" was singularly effective. Mr. Sims Reeves, though put down for three pieces—Bishop's "Pilgrim of Love," Mr. Leslie's ballad, "Annabelle Lee," and "Come into the Garden, Maud"—only gave the first and last, the second, after a few words of explanation from Mr. Leslie, being (to use Mr. Leslie's words) "undertaken by a young tenor just arrived from Milan." Whether the young tenor had become acquainted with "Annabelle Lee" during his sojourn in Italy we are unable to say; but that his rendering of the song was entirely to the satisfaction of the audience there could be no doubt; inasmuch as he was not only compelled by unanimous desire to repeat it, but there was a strong attempt to induce him to sing it a third time, which attempt he had, however, the good sense to resist. Later in the evening he introduced an air from one of Verdi's operas, which was scarcely so effective. The new comer has a voice both agreeable and capable, of which, with careful husbanding, a great deal might be made. Why Mr. Sims Reeves, after singing the "Pilgrim of Love" so well, should have abandoned "Annabelle Lee" to the young aspirant from Milan is not easy to guess, more especially as he subsequently gave "Come into the Garden, Maud" as finely and impressively as he has ever given it since it was originally composed for him by the late Balfe. The endeavour to get this last repeated was obstinate and prolonged; but Mr. Reeves, a professed enemy of the encore system, was not to be persuaded. He merely came forward and bowed.

There only remains to mention an *Allegro* for "three hands" (!) on the pianoforte, performed by those clever youths, Arthur and Charles Lejeune, the composition of the elder, and an introduction and fugue for organ, on the theme of the "British Grenadiers" (which Moscheles has used in his E major pianoforte concerto), composed and played in a masterly style by the younger of the two brothers. Mr. J. G. Calcott was accompanist at the piano, and Mr. J. C. Ward took the organ part in M. Gounod's "Nazareth." For the next concert, when the selection of music is to be "historical," Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia is announced as chief singer, and Herr Ernst Pauer as pianist.

MONTHLY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Mr. Ridley Prentice who has successfully given a series of enjoyable concerts at Brixton, has arranged for three Chamber Concerts at St. John's Wood. These concerts are devoted to the performance of classical music, both instrumental and vocal. A special feature will be early Italian vocal music, especially that of Giacomo Carrissini. The attendance at the first concert if not so great as could be desired, was very fashionable, and there is little doubt that the next will be more extensively patronized. The following was the programme:—

Trios, in B flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (MM. Ridley Prentice, Straus, and Piatti)—Schubert. Song, "Where lives in all the range of nature," *Seufzer eines Ungeliebten* (Madame Dowland)—Beethoven. Andante and Rondo capriccioso, for pianoforte alone (Mr. Ridley Prentice)—Mendelssohn. Cantata, "Deh contentatevi" (Madame Dowland)—Giacomo Carrissini. Ciaccona, for violin, without accompaniment (Herr Straus)—J. S. Bach. Song, "May-dew" (Madame Dowland)—Sternedale Bennett. Sonata, in A major, for pianoforte and violoncello (Mr. Ridley Prentice and Signor Piatti)—Beethoven.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Herr Joseph Joachim has returned, and is playing as well as ever; to say "better than ever" would be to say something beside the question, inasmuch as to play better than he has been playing for years past is hardly possible. The first notes drawn from the strings of his instrument by this fiddler of fiddlers—artist and "virtuoso" in one, artist in the most strictly musical sense, and if mechanical skill which sets at naught all difficulties be considered, "virtuoso" in a sense unlimited—are always the most welcome of the season to those who know what a very important element in the fortunes and progress of the Monday Popular Concerts the "string quartet" has been and must continue to be. For how long a time Herr Joachim has been cheerfully recognized, alike by professors and amateurs, as first and foremost among quartet players, just as he is first and foremost among concerto and "solo" players, need not be said—any more than how, not merely on account of his undisputed artistic supremacy, but also of the modest dignity with which he wears the honours so lavishly bestowed upon him, and the uniform rectitude with which he upholds and maintains his position, he has won a popularity which none can gainsay, although many may envy. There is no necessity to enter, for the twentieth time, into a discussion of Herr Joachim's pretensions as an artist, or to describe over again, one by one, those remarkable qualities to which he is indebted for European, nay, world-wide, celebrity. Happily, his merits are as unanimously admitted in this country as in Germany and elsewhere. All that it is requisite to add at present is a few words about his performance the other evening.

That St. James's Hall was thronged in every part will readily be believed. Herr Joachim's first appearance has for many years been the gala night of the Monday Popular Concerts, and there is every likelihood of its being so for years to come. He was received, as he well merited, with a welcome marked by enthusiasm about the thoroughly genuine nature of which there could not be the shadow of a doubt. His first notes were then awaited with breathless interest, and the splendid energy with which he led off the *allegro vivace* of Mendelssohn's quintet in B flat (No 2 "Posthumous") at once satisfied his hearers that there stood before them the same Joachim who, a quarter of a century back, had astonished many as a child-prodigy, and so often since, especially dating from the foundation of the Monday Popular Concerts, had, year after year, not merely astonished and delighted in equal degrees, but interested all lovers of music by the opportunities thus afforded of watching the progress of his ripening talent, as it approached nearer and nearer the goal which was the *ultima Thule* of his ambition. The entire quintet was so admirably played that to select one movement as having been more perfectly given than another, would be invidious; and yet we cannot refrain from pointing to the quaint *scherzando*, so purely in the Mendelssohnian vein, and the sublime *adagio*, in which the composer, like Shelley's "Skylark," seems to be ever soaring—

"Higher still and higher"—

and "singing still" while soaring, as exceptional displays, even in a performance throughout as intellectually great as it was mechanically irreproachable. Herr Joachim's associates were Herr Ries, Herr Straus, Signor Zerbin, and Signor Piatti, who all came forward, with their eminent leader, at the end of the quintet, to take their fair portion of the hearty applause it had elicited. Upon no occasion was the inestimable value of Signor Piatti's co-operation more emphatically shown than in the performance of Mendelssohn's noble quintet, or the truth that he is as complete a master of the violoncello as Herr Joachim of the violin more convincingly established. In the chamber-works of the great masters the one instrument, it cannot be disputed, is of quite as much importance as the other.

Of the prodigious facility with which Herr Joachim overcomes the difficulties of that most elaborate and puzzling of violin solos—Bach's *Chaconne* in D minor, with its seemingly interminable train of variations, no two of them alike—we have spoken so often that we need not again descend to particulars. It must suffice to add that he has never played it more finely, and never excited his audience to a greater pitch of enthusiasm. The applause at the termination of this extraordinary exhibition of skill seemed to come simultaneously from every pair of hands.

Of course the object of so spontaneous and unanimous an "ovation" felt bound to respond in the way most likely to gratify those to whom he was indebted for it; and this Herr Joachim did, by returning to the platform and playing another piece (the "Bourrée," with its "Double," from the second of Bach's six solo sonatas), which afforded equal satisfaction. A reception more cordial was never vouchsafed to popular favourite,—even to Herr Joachim.

The pianist was Madame Schumann, who played Mendelssohn's *Presto Scherzando* in F sharp minor, with even more than her accustomed fire and vigorous impetuosity, and, being encored, gave one of the *Lieder ohne Worte* (in A major) from Mendelssohn's eighth and last book. The singer was Miss Enriquez, who, in Gluck's familiar "Che farò senza Euridice," and Schubert's less familiar "Adina," obtained applause all the more to be valued because it had been fairly earned.

The last piece in the programme was Schubert's quintet in A for pianoforte and string instruments, the players being Madame Schumann, Herr Joachim, Herr Straus, Signor Piatti and our excellent professor of the contra-basso, Mr. Reynolds. A comparatively early work—we say comparatively early, because, although written at the age of 22, its wonderfully gifted author did not live ten years after its production—besides being one of Schubert's least carefully balanced, this quintet is, nevertheless, full of genuine beauty. The theme of one of the most popular of all Schubert's many songs—"Die Forelle" ("the trout")—is used as a subject for variations, in the slow movement, and charmingly treated. This alone would confer upon the quintet an interest apart. The *finale* is built upon a theme which has all the air of a Hungarian national tune, and, for anything we can adduce to the contrary, may be one—or at least an imitation of one. Notwithstanding that it was the last piece in the concert a large majority of the audience remained to hear the quintet, and were rewarded by a very brilliant and animated performance.

At the concert on Monday next Herr Joachim is to lead, among other things, Mozart's Quintet in G minor—of all the quintets the one to which the term "inimitable" may with strictest justice be applied.

ITALIAN OPERA BUFFA.

The Lyceum directors added another revival to their list on Tuesday night, when *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, the *chef d'œuvre* of Cimarosa was produced, with unequivocal success. Some years have elapsed since the work was last played at either of the great theatres devoted to Italian opera, and its performance naturally excited interest among the amateurs of the lyric drama. But in any case, *Il Matrimonio Segreto* puts forward no ordinary claims. It was, so to speak, "born in the purple." The Emperor Leopold II. of Austria bespoke the work of its busy author, who stayed at Vienna *en route* from St. Petersburg to Italy, for the purpose of writing it; and achieved the task with as much facility as he had afore-time shown in the composition of more than seventy pieces for the stage. Further, when presented to the Emperor and his Court, Cimarosa's opera had a reception never accorded to any drama, lyric or other, since the days of Terence. Leopold heard it to the end in silence and then encored the whole. How, after such an Imperial welcome *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, became the rage in Vienna, and how, all over Italy and Europe generally, it was received with acclaim, readers of art history know. But, as a matter of fact, no emperor is required to give Cimarosa's opera a passport to general favour. It carries its own recommendation in music, which is melodious from beginning to end, aptly expressive, whether of humour or sentiment, and constructed not only with clearness, but with a simplicity illustrative in an eminent degree of the *ars celare artem*. As might be expected remembering that *Il Matrimonio Segreto* was written in the city of Mozart only six years after *Le Nozze di Figaro*, the influence of Cimarosa's great contemporary is obvious, both in the construction of the music and its general spirit. The Italian master, however, was no plagiarist. He paid unconscious homage to one more gifted than himself, at the risk of offending the very audience which had bided *Le Nozze*. According to his rule Cimarosa depended largely upon the quartet for the orchestration of his work, using the "wind" sparingly as a means of effect. Hence

the accompaniments to *Il Matrimonio Segreto* are clear as amber, and can be followed with something of the interest excited by those to Mozart's comic masterpiece—an interest in the latter case going far to rival the attraction of the stage. Briefly, Cimarosa's music deserves a high place in public esteem, and for the chance of hearing it every amateur should thank the Lyceum management. It is needless to tell the story of the opera here. Bertatti adapted his libretto from a French piece, *Sophie ou le Mariage Caché*, which was itself a version of Garrick and Colman's *Clandestine Marriage*. This may suffice to indicate its character; but, anyhow, the chief features of a plot based upon a stolen match can easily be conceived with more or less truth.

The performance, ably directed by Signor Bottesini, was one of sustained animation and praiseworthy efficiency. True, Mdle. Colombo (Carolina) and Mdle. Brusa (Elisetta), who represented the ambitious old merchant's daughters, failed to make the most of parts given capital opportunities for dramatic effect; but the first-named sang excellently; nor was Mdle. Brusa undeserving of praise as a vocalist. Good as the best in this respect, and an actress to boot, was Mdle. Bedetti, whose characteristic and amusing impersonation of the "maiden aunt," Fidalma, formed a chief attraction of the evening. At all times singing like an artist and never idel on the stage, though never obtrusive, Mdle. Bedetti, achieved a legitimate success. Signor Fabbri exerted himself in the part of Paolino as successfully as his means would allow; and Il Conte Robinson found a better musical than dramatic representative in Signor Rocco. In the Geronimo of Signor Borella lay the great strength of the representation. Signor Borella is now an established favourite, for reasons nobody can impugn—reasons made plain enough by his excellent performance on Tuesday night. Still good as a *buffo* singer, he acts with unvarying intelligence and vivacity, as well as with frequent humour—qualities exemplified to the full in his Geronimo. Vulgar craving for a titled connection, wild delight at a prospect of that blessing, the deaf old man's perplexity at the mysterious doings in his household, and his despair at seeing all hope of a noble son-in-law apparently shattered, were each shown with an ability very rare indeed among *buffos* who have appeared on the Anglo-Italian stage since the time of Lablache. Signor Borella was often applauded with enthusiasm—applause, moreover, being the order of the evening with a highly gratified audience. Several encores were demanded, the most peremptory being elicited by the well-known duet, "Se fiato in corpo avete," which serves to express the high gratification of Geronimo and Il Conte with a final settlement of their matrimonial business, and the famous trio, "Le faccio un inchino," for the three ladies.

Ali Baba continues its career of success.

THE STRAKOSCH LIBEL CASE.

Some surprise has been expressed at the report that Mr. Max Strako-ch has claimed damages from an American paper, because of an opinion it expressed with reference to the singing of Miss Nilsson as compared with the singing of Jenny Lind. To remove this feeling we print the remarks complained of:—

"THE NILSSON SWINDLE.—When will the people of Rochester, and other towns cease to encourage swindlers who are constantly drawing upon their pockets under the pretence of presenting first-class musical artists? That is a question that it is time to consider, and that seriously."

On the same day the same paper published the following:—

"Every citizen has a right—a legal right—to pay as much as he chooses for a concert ticket or anything else. He has the same right to protest against swindling and extortion. We beg to be classed among those who protest. It is only after mature reflection, arriving at the conclusion that it is a duty that we owe to the public, that we make this protest."

The only other publication complained of appeared December 10, as follows:—

"NILSSONIA.—His Mighty Highness, the great *impressario*, Max Strakosch sends a communication from Syracuse to the *Rochester Democrat*, in which he charges the *Union* with saying wrong things. If Strakosch understood the meaning of the English language as well as he understands how to humbug the public by importing inferior singers and palming them off upon the American people as first class he would not have made an ass of himself by talking about an attack on a lady. No attack was made on a lady, and Strakosch is quite right in assuming the responsibility."

A LETTER FROM C. M. VON WEBER,
TO HERR M. BENEDICT, BANKER, STUTTGART.

Communicated by F. W. Jahns.*

I was prevented from thanking you sooner for your esteemed letter and friendly present, more especially because I was desirous of writing at some length, and could never find the time to do so. To-day, at last, a few hours previous to my departure for Vienna, you must be even more indulgent to my brevity.—My good Julius causes me great satisfaction, and I hope that time, serious study, and industry, combined with his natural intellectual gifts and real talent, will one day present the world with a sterling artist. Your long separation from a dear son must certainly be very painful to you, but I consider it my duty strongly to impress on you to do nothing by halves, and by your present self-abnegation to secure a double amount of joy and calm for your whole life.

The deep and serious study of art can only be a long and gradual process, thus laying the foundation of inward certainty. It is a sad characteristic of our time that we are contented in all things with what is superficial, and, having run away too soon from school, clutch, in a constant state of vacillation, at effects which fade away as quickly as they flare up without anything to sustain them. One cannot help smiling mournfully on seeing that everybody holds it necessary to devote, for instance, several years to learn trade, while 3—4 years of apprenticeship, besides the years spent in visiting different parts of the country (*Wanderjahre*) are thought requisite even for a workman, but in art alone, in the profoundest, all-comprehensive study of life, perhaps, our task is accomplished by desultory application for a few months.

Instead of giving him the twelve lessons a month I promised, I have had your son in my house every day. I do not desire to receive any thanks from you for this; I simply mention it to show you how long a time is requisite merely for the simplest preliminary studies. In order to keep his inventive faculty active, I have allowed him to undertake tasks he ought properly not to have attempted, but, thank Heaven, I have been richly rewarded by his right feeling, as he perceived from these very tasks, how far it still is to the goal. The little I have said proceeds from my most inward conviction, and from my truly cordial interests in, and partiality for, my good Julius.

I share in my mind with you the joy of your meeting again; my wife unites with me in returning most warmly your kindly greetings, and I remain, with the greatest respect, dear Sir, your most obedient

C. M. VON WEBER.

Dresden, 10th February, 1822.

THE ALHAMBRA.

Music is now the great attraction at this popular house of entertainment, and to say truth, music of excellent quality. Amongst the vocalists, are Madame Guzman, Mdles. Julia Ludgini, Sielle, and Susannah Cole, and Madame Fanny Huddart; Mesars. Rowland Lascelles, Bordogni, Stanley, and Dubreuil. These are assisted by a large chorus, while the orchestra numbers three hundred and fifty performers. Strauss, Bach, Halévy, Verdi, and Auber are the favourite composers. Selections from the *Travatore*, *Robert le Diable*, and other operas are given. The war songs excite an amount of enthusiasm which, however unfair to the music, seems in itself the chief attraction. As the goddess of Liberty, singing the "Marseillaise," Madame Guzman exhibits histrionic abilities of a high description.

* The above letter of C. M. von Weber is another striking testimony of his fidelity to his art, and at the same time of his fidelity in the discharge of his duties in forming the talent committed to his charge. Julius v. Benedict, the distinguished composer, now filling the position of conductor in London, was couched by his father, M. Benedict, of Stuttgart, to Weber to continue his musical education. How Weber fulfilled his duty as a teacher, how warmly and how sensibly he could represent the dignity of his art, and utter what he thought—a fact proved by numberless other documents from his hand—this letter furnishes additional evidence. It must have possessed especial interest for Felix Mendelssohn as it is from the copy he himself made of it that it is printed here.—F. W. JAHNS.

MR. J. M. BELLEW'S READINGS.

In his new series of readings, Mr. Bellew has departed from the course he adopted when last in London. He no longer essays to present entire plays, and he dispenses with the aid of the figures, the actions of which supplemented or caricatured his own. His programme now includes lyrical as well as dramatic extracts, and even descends at times into the regions of plain prose. It is not easy to deal with a man of Mr. Bellew's stamp. With him the laughing and the sorrowing muse seem on equally good terms. He convulses you with laughter as he parodies the after-dinner imbecilities of an addle-pated lord, and ere the tears of laughter are dried on your cheeks, supplants them by others, whose source is in softest, most tender, and piteous emotion. At times he rises to true inspiration, and an electrical thrill he is able to send through the audience adds to the effect of his fine presence and powerful and sympathetic voice. On the whole we may pronounce Mr. Bellew unequalled as a reader. To personal gifts of an eminently serviceable order he adds intellectual capacity and grasp of a higher order, and a power of concealing his method which speaks volumes for the care he has exercised. His little affectations even—and such are to be found—are of a kind with which the public will never quarrel, seeing they add to the gratification it derives. On the whole, for manner, method, style, power, and intelligence, Mr. Bellew may be placed in the very front of his profession. A reader learns by experience what is or is not likely to take with an audience. Hence, although we view Mr. Bellew's programme with no particular favour, we cannot quarrel with him about it. Included in it are Dryden's masculine verses on "Alexander's Feast," Pope's impressive, if rhetorical, "Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame," the splendid scene between Cromwell and Wolsey attributed to Shakspeare, and the Laureate's "Northern Farmer," the second version. The more important readings are selected with a view to the musical accompaniments of which they were susceptible. In Longfellow's legend of "King Robert of Sicily," thus the chorus consisting of 150 voices under the direction of Herr Meyer Lutz, gave with the organ the Magnificat, to which the King listens while he undergoes his strange transformation. "Alexander's Feast," and "Vital Spark" offer opportunities of which full use has been made for the introduction of musical selections, and Moore's "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls" not only permits of the appearance of Miss Maud Seymour, who sings it with considerable sweetness, but provides Mr. Bellew's recitative with an *obligato* accompaniment, concerning the value of which opinions are likely to vary. On the whole, we like Mr. Bellew best in the more serious portions. His representation of Wolsey was full of dignity and pathos, and his rendering of some lines of the "Vital Spark" was exceedingly fine and impressive. Dryden's "Feast" was well given throughout, the different passions being admirably indicated. Still we do not deny the merits of the comic impersonations, and as the public enjoyed most Mr. Dickens' "Description of the Tugs at Ramsgate" and "The Charity Dinner," Mr. Bellew is right to provide them. To hearers of intelligence these readings offer a distinct and most intellectual gratification.

TURNER'S (?) "ITALY."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Could not the Royal Academicians, as guides of public taste undeceive us with respect to the so-called Turner "Italy," now being exhibited at Burlington House? That such a work could be supposed to have such parentage is enough to make Turner restless in his grave, and is a sign of the slender acquaintance of artists and connoisseurs generally with the principles of landscape art. There is not a principle or favourite weakness of Turner's untraged in the picture. Gradation, colour, tone, architecture, above all, the power of knitting together by some strong touch or touches the lines and masses of a composition so as to make it a living thing. These qualities are conspicuous by their absence. Look at the foliage at top of the picture on the left, and note the dirty splash of pigment which does duty for the glitter of the sun, and observe the way in which a branch in full thickness is lost near the edge of the brown lump which stands for tree, not in leaves nor in a complexity of branches, but in a smudge of paint, and then say where is the master's handiwork. Truth in landscape painting is little understood as it is. The assignment of such a picture to so great a name will, it may be feared, do something to defer the time when we may arrive at a better appreciation of that branch of art than we have at present, I am, &c.,

A STUDENT OF TURNER.

COPENHAGEN.—Herr R. Wagner's opera, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, translated into Danish, is to be brought out at the Theatre Royal.

COLOGNE.—An Italian operatic company, under the management of Signor Pollini, will shortly give a series of performances at the Thalia Theatre. The *prima donna* is Madame Ariot-Padilla.

WHAT NEXT, AND NEXT?—Another monster concert is to be held in Boston, U.S. The number of executants will be 20,000, while 1,000,000 persons are to listen to them! Poor devils!

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE EIGHTEENTH CONCERT OF THE THIRTEENTH SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 18TH, 1871,

To Commence at Three o'Clock precisely.

Programme.

- QUARTET, in G major, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello
—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUSS, and PIATTI Mozart.
SONG, "Ave Maria"—Miss EDITH WYNNE Schubert.
SONATA, in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLE Beethoven.
SONG, "Versar nei mio cor"—Miss EDITH WYNNE Gounod.
TRIO, in E flat, Op. 100, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—MM. CHARLES HALLE, JOACHIM, and PIATTI Schubert.
Conductor Mr. BENEDICT.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THIRTEENTH SEASON.

THE NINETEENTH CONCERT WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 20TH, 1871.

To Commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

- QUINTEt, in G minor, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUSS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI Mozart.
SONG, "Le Lac"—Mr. SANTLEY Niedermeyer.
SONATA, in D minor, Op. 49, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLE Weber.

PART II.

- SONATA, in G, Op. 96, for Pianoforte and Violin—Mr. CHARLES HALLE and Herr JOACHIM Beethoven.
NEW SONGS, ("The fountain mingles with the river") Gounod.
("It is not always May")
QUARTET, in F minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. CHARLES HALLE, JOACHIM, STRAUSS, and PIATTI Mendelssohn.
Conductor Mr. BENEDICT.

S ofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond Street; and Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

N.B.—The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

BIRTH.

On the 11th February, at Endcliffe House, Henbury, Bristol, the wife (Miss Bateman) of GEORGE CROWE, Esq., of a daughter.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 241, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1871.

PREACHER VERDI.

OUR business just now is not to inquire whether it be true that "the greater the sinner, the greater the saint." We are, however, concerned to know that powerful preachers of the Right are most readily found among those who have been doers of the Wrong. The fact was recognized of old—recognized, for example, when Saul the persecutor was thought worth converting by a miracle into

a Christian apostle; and when a Magdalene became what the *Record* would call "a mother in Israel." Profane history supplies a crowd of similar illustrations. Who enforced sanctity and austerity but the once free-living Thomas à Beckett? Who made himself a protest against ambition but the once mighty Emperor Charles V.? Who showed the pilgrim's path to heaven but the once "terrible tinker" from whom exhaled an odour of hell? Who—but why go on, when the reader can bring from the storehouse of memory, even if he have read nothing since his school-days, a string of examples equally pertinent? The underlying principle is philosophically true; is axiomatic in fact; and that quite apart from considerations of contrast. A naked maniac, "clothed and in his right mind," cannot but witness strongly to the blessings of a sound intellect and a good tailor; but there is an element in cases like those we have quoted which lies above and beyond contrast. He can best show the road through a swamp who has found out by dirty experience where the mud lies deepest; and he most powerfully enforces morality who has endured the results of scorning it. Abraham, in the parable, was wise when he declined sending an angel-missionary to the brothers of Dives. "They have Moses and the Prophets," said the venerable patriarch; who might have added, "and Moses and the Prophets have very good reason to know where humanity is weakest."

Bearing all this in mind, how heartily ought the letter of Signor Verdi, which appears on another page, to be welcomed! Here, indeed, is a startling phenomenon. The composer of *La Traviata* and *Il Trovatore*, the free and easy Verdi, who, in the paths of music, all his life long, has gone where he pleased (by the shortest way), and done what he liked—he, the libertine of art, suddenly comes before us, grave as an academical professor, wearing a scholastic dress, and laden with the contrapuntal studies of the old masters! "Is Saul also among the prophets?" Indeed he is, and, pray, let us be silent when he speaks. What things can Signor Verdi not tell us about quicksands, and shoals, and hidden rocks! For years he floundered among the first, got aground on the second, and crashed against the third; all the time with colours flying, and a great appearance of enjoyment. But Signor Verdi was really laying up a store of experiences on behalf of our generation; and in his letter to the Neapolitan Conservatoire, he begins to utter them. Silence, pray, silence, for the new preacher of the musical Right!

Here we take the Verdian letter as read, and, having allowed the reader time to recover, beg to ask what he thinks of it. A philosopher would answer,—"It is quite in accordance with precedent. *Les extrêmes se touchent*. Signor Verdi, the musician of the day, points to the musicians of bygone years, and even raises the ghost of the venerable Palestrina. Knowing nothing of fugue himself, he would have others saturated with fugues. And having exhausted the capacity of the 'diminished seventh,' he warns everybody to keep away from that refuge of the incapable. There is nothing to be surprised at in this. It accords with the nature of things." Thus our philosopher;—but we do not share his indifference. Signor Verdi, preaching scholasticism in music, is a portent suggesting much. He is, moreover, a warning to composers captivated by the loose artistic habits of the day, in whose ear he says—"Thus will it be with you in the end, though you are never likely to furnish such a signal example of error as myself." We surely needed some such caution, and could not have had a better. Signor Verdi, like

another "pillar of salt," stands for evermore a monument of terrible import to those who would turn their faces toward the Sodom of the "diminished seventh." Let our would-be composers take heed, and apply themselves to the "old masters," instead of scribbling down incoherence and calling it "ideality." Oh! if they but would, what reason should we all have for thankfulness! Little may flow from their communion with the masterminds; but, at any rate, the world would be spared their "ideality." For the chance of this, thanks, Signor Verdi, thanks!

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE composers invited to contribute musically to the approaching International Exhibition at Kensington are, we understand, Herr Richard Wagner, Signor Verdi, M. Gounod, and Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan. If the musician of the *Zukunft* contributes we shall be surprised, and (for reasons familiar to all who remember the Exhibition of 1862) if the composer of the *Trovatore* does, we shall be still more surprised. Of course, M. Gounod and Mr. Sullivan will be ready in the twinkling of an eye.

At the Crystal Palace Concert of to-day Madame Schumann is to play Mendelssohn's second pianoforte concerto; the overtures are to be Schumann's *Manfred* and Mr. Macfarren's *Don Quixote*; and for symphony we are promised Mozart's, in its way, incomparable "E flat"—composed in 1788; the same year as the "G minor" and the so-called (not by Mozart himself) "Jupiter."

Robert le Diable was recently revived at the Royal Operahouse, Munich, when Herr Porges, who has been appointed Musical-Director by special commission of the King, officiated for the first time in his new capacity. He is said to have proved irrefutably that a man may be a zealous champion of Herr Wagner, and yet a wretched conductor. Such a performance of *Robert le Diable* had never been previously heard. It was what the Americans would style "a caution."

THE Philharmonic Society has announced its fifty-ninth season, which is to consist of the regulation eight concerts, beginning March 8, and ending July 3. We are not told what the Directors have in store, and fancy is thus left free to roam as it listeth. At the first concert, however, M. Gounod will direct a selection from his own works; and thus enjoy, perhaps, the highest of the very few honours bestowed upon the composer of *Faust* during his residence in England. On the same occasion, moreover, a bust of Beethoven, just presented to the Society by a lady residing at Peth, will be exhibited. The donor, it seems, has been "mindful of the spontaneous generosity and veneration which were shown to the immortal master (by the Philharmonic Society) during the last years of his life." This may be all very true, but those who had the honour and privilege of extending a helping hand to Beethoven should not talk about "spontaneous generosity."

THERE is a probability that the *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* will now soon be brought out at the Vienna Operahouse. Dr. Kraus is studying the part of Hans Sachs, which Herr Beck refused to sing any longer on the absurd ground—as the Wagnerites so justly remark—that it was ruining his voice. The character of Evchen is to be sustained by Mdle. Tellheim. It is, however, doubtful whether Herr Beck will not, at the last moment, consent to resume the part of the obnoxious shoemaker. As our readers are aware, Herr Herbeck, the *Capellmeister*, is now at the head of the Operahouse. With regard to the *Meistersinger* conflict, he is reported to have said, "I will soon see who is to be master in this theatre—Herr Beck or Herbeck."

A NILSSON-STRAKOSCH libel suit was instituted in the Supreme Court yesterday, before Judge Sutherland, by Max Strakosch, against the editor of the *Rochester Union and Advertiser*. The complaint is that about the 6th of September last there appeared in said journal an editorial headed "The Nilsson Swindle," the article being a strong attack on Strakosch for charging four dollars for tickets "under the pretence of

presenting first class artists;" and Strakosch, moreover, says the paper calls him a swindler. For all which he asks ten thousand dollars damages. The defendants put in their whole editorial article complained of and other articles, and claim that Miss Nilsson is not the equal of Jenny Lind, and that therefore Strakosch had no right to charge Jenny Lind prices for his Nilsson tickets. This, it strikes us, is a very absurd defence. Whether Nilsson is, or is not equal to Jenny Lind as a singer is a mere matter of taste and memory. Some who heard the first Swedish nightingale in her prime will say that she could sing the second out of sight. Others who remember Jenny Lind's concerts in her grand American tour will say that if she had a stronger voice it was not so fine and clear, nor so delicately sweet as Nilsson's. Our own opinion is that you might as well, in drawing a comparison between the piano and the violin, say that the violin is inferior in its music to the piano as to say that Nilsson is inferior as a singer to Jenny Lind. The two voices, like the two instruments, are wholly different, though each is excellent. But if Strakosch can fill his house at four or five, or ten or twenty dollars for a Nilsson ticket, why not? What has Jenny Lind to do with it, or Barnum, or anybody in the way of a comparison? On the other hand, we might ask the question if Mr. Strakosch has really by this Rochester paper, been damaged to the extent of more than a hundred thousand dollars, and answer it too, if it were not before the court. "Nilsson swindle," we grant you, is a strong expression, but four dollars to a country editor is a big sum of money. Lastly, we presume that this trial, whatever the issue, will be a warning to country editors for the future in their criticisms on Max Strakosch and his pretty singing bird, whatever may be the price of his tickets. "Nilsson swindle," even from a country newspaper, is a little too much for Max.—*New York Herald*.

ORATORIO CONCERTS.

Mr. Joseph Barnby commenced his third season, gloriously, on Wednesday night, at St. James's Hall, with a remarkably fine performance of John Sebastian Bach's magnificent *Passion of St. Matthew*, which was attended by a crowded audience, and was in all respects eminently successful. A notice in detail is already in type, and will appear in our next issue.

ORGAN NEWS.

Mr. Aug. Gern's grand organ, which was described in these pages some time ago, has so far been finished as to be sent to Belfast; and Mr. Gern will shortly leave London to superintend the fitting up in its new home.

MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT's *Paradise and the Peri*, produced with such success at the Birmingham Festival last season, was given on Tuesday night, in St. James's Hall, under the direction of its composer, with precisely similar results. There was quite an "ovation" for Mr. Barnett at the end of the performance. Further particulars next week.

LETTERS from Paris of the 2nd inst. inform us that MM. Ambroise Thomas and Heugel, composer and publisher of *Hamlet* and *Mignon*, were in excellent health. Having been enrolled among the National Guard they had both been doing duty, M. Thomas on the Ramparts and M. Heugel at the Palais Royal.

BRUSSELS.—M. Geveart's three-act opera, *Le Billet de Marguerite* has been produced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. The composer was called on at the fall of the curtain, but the house was only half full.—A new ballet, *La Madone* (a charmingly appropriate title, by the way, for a ballet), has been successfully produced at the same theatre. The music is by M. Stoumon, a Belgian composer.

THE remains of the late Mr. T. W. Robertson were buried on Thursday afternoon, February 9th, in Abney Park Cemetery. The mourners were Mr. E. Robertson and Master Robertson (brother and son of the deceased), Mr. Kendall, and Mr. W. Feist. In other carriages were Messrs. Tom Hood, T. Archer, A. Halliday, D. Boucicault, Bancroft, &c. Among the ladies and gentlemen who attended to pay a last mark of respect to the memory of the deceased were Messrs. E. Blanchard, M. Morton, W. S. Gilbert, Lawson, Tinsley, E. Levy, W. Brunton; Mesdames M. Oliver, M. Wilton, C. Addison, F. Addison, and many other ladies and gentlemen connected with the literary and histrionic world.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

The first concert of the Schubert Society for the present season took place on Wednesday last, and was fully attended. Particulars next week.

Mr. F. W. BATES, the well-known and esteemed professor at Woodford, gave his annual concert in the Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday evening the 7th inst., assisted by Miss Jessie Boyd, Mdle. Enriquez, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Farquharson as vocalists, and as instrumentalists by Herr Daubert (violinello) and Mr. Benjamin Wells (flute). Mr. Bates was reticent of his own abilities confining his performances to the favourite duet (with Mr. B. Wells) for flute and piano, composed by Bucher and Benedict, and the *andante* and *allegro* from Mendelssohn's sonata for pianoforte and violinello (with Herr Daubert). In both pieces, however, the clever executant and conscientious musician were apparent. The other instrumental performances (solos by Mr. Wells and Herr Daubert on their respective instruments) were well received, and the vocal music was evidently to the taste of the audience who patronized the concert.

SIGNOR GILARDONI has instituted a school for the practical instruction of ladies and gentlemen in the "Lyric Art," and to inaugurate the scheme, a performance (in costume) of Gounod's *Faust*, by his pupils, (with full chorus and orchestra) took place on Friday evening, last week, at St. George's Hall. The proceeds are to be appropriated in aid of the distressed peasantry of France. The cast was distributed as follows:—

Margherita, first and third acts, Miss Langley; fourth and fifth acts. Mrs. Muncey; Marta, Miss Trekel (Kate Lindsay); Siebel, first and third acts, Miss Lewis; fourth and fifth acts, Miss Trekel (Kate Lindsay); Mephistopheles, Mr. Stevens; Valentino, first and third acts, Mr. Frank Thomas; fourth and fifth acts, Mr. Ludwidge; Wagner, Mr. Turner; Faust, Mr. Dudley Thomas. Between the third and fourth acts, God save the Queen was sung by the company, the solos by Madame Gilardoni.

The most remarkable part of the entertainment consisted of the performance in the orchestra of Signor Arditi, as first violin, Signor Piatti, violinello, and Signor Botesini, double bass, assisted by many well-known orchestral performers. The performances of the vocalists "went off" (like all performances by amateurs) with "immense applause," and some of Signor Gilardoni's pupils evinced aptitude for their "temporary" profession. Signor Gilardoni conducted with ability.

BRIXTON CHORAL SOCIETY.—The second concert of this youthful but admirably directed association took place on Monday last, when the Gresham Hall was filled to overflowing with an elegant assemblage. The work performed on this occasion was *Judas Maccabeus*, to aid in a fitting interpretation of which the society had secured the co-operation of a capable stringed band, with Mr. Willy as leader, whilst Miss Blanche Cole, Mr. G. Perren, Mr. Lawler, and Miss Adelaide Newton lent their services in the solo department. The choir which numbered little short of a hundred voices, acquitted itself wonderfully well, considering the limited period during which the majority of the members had been under training. The choruses from beginning to end of the proceedings were rendered with an accuracy and vigour highly creditable alike to the untiring conductor and his pains-taking pupils. Misses Newton and Cole, Messrs. Perren and Lawler carried off their share of the honours, and several demands for encores were only frustrated by the opposition of the conductor, who seems (wisely) determined to disallow any such claims. Mr. John Harrison played the organ accompaniments in excellent taste, and Mr. Lemare conducted the concert, which was in all probability the best organized and most successful ever given in the locality. Mr. Barnett's *Paradise and the Peri* is announced for the next concert.—W. H. P.

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—The *Guardian* of February 8th informs us that:—

"Mr. Horton C. Allison gave a recital of pianoforte music in the Memorial Hall, Albert Square, to an audience which, in spite of the unfavourable weather, was as numerous as an entertainment of this class is likely to gather together. It is a task of a very ambitious character for any gentleman, even of the very highest abilities, to endeavour to supply, in his own person, the whole of the musical entertainment of an evening. Mr. Allison, fortunately, has a memory which stands him in good stead on these occasions, and enables him to perform a most varied and difficult selection of pianoforte music without any perceptible hesitation of any kind. But, with many of the qualities of a first-class pianist, we still notice a deficiency of musical feeling, and an absence of that delicate appreciation of the niceties of phrasing, without a sense of which the most brilliant execution fails to reach the hearts of the listeners. Mr. Allison is evidently an earnest student, and is young enough to overcome defects which we trust are not constitutional. Mr. Allison's programme consisted of no fewer than nineteen pieces, of

which three were original compositions by himself, showing very considerable ability. The remaining portion of the programme included the names of all the great composers for the instrument, no writer being represented by more than a single specimen of his composition."

HADDENHAM.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"On the 2nd inst. a concert of secular music was given in the National School Room, under the direction of the Rev. H. Meeres, M.A., when a capital programme commenced with a glee, 'Dawn of Day,' then a song was sung by Miss Kate Clarke, and 'The Mocking Bird' was nicely rendered by Miss M. Meeres, and very nicely 'answered' by Miss H. Rose. A tenor song was then given by Mr. John Tyler, the accompaniment to which was nicely rendered on the harmonium by Miss M. F. Meeres. A glee followed, 'All among the Barley,' then a song by Mr. Anderson; afterwards a bass song was sung by Mr. Bates, who has a fine bass voice, accompanied on the harmonium by Miss E. Rose. A word of special praise is due to the Rev. H. Meeres, M.A., for the energy displayed in arranging the evening's entertainment, which was decidedly successful."

EDINBURGH.—The *Edinburgh Daily Review* of February 14th says:—

"The thirty-first 'commemoration' concert took place last night in the Music Hall, which was crowded by a brilliant audience. It is gratifying to note that, ever since the accession of Professor Oakley to the Chair of Music, his constant aim has been to make this annual celebration worthy the occasion. How different was the admirable performance of last night from some of the meagre displays we had previously been accustomed to, when, instead of a full and efficient orchestra, we had General Reid's music played by a military band, the rest of the programmes consisting of operatic songs, varied by pianoforte solos. We remember when even the services of the band were dispensed with, and the 'Garb of old Gaul' was given as a flute solo with pianoforte accompaniment. The programme was as follows:—

"PART 1.—Introduction, Pastorale, Minnet, and March, General Reid. Overture, 'Olympia,' Spontini. Recit. and Air, 'Non mi dir,' Mozart. Serenade and Allegro gioioso, in D major, Mendelssohn. Recit. and Air, 'Tyranic Love,' 'Ye verdant Hills' ('Susannah'), Handel. Symphony, in C minor, No. 5, Beethoven.

"PART 2.—Overture, 'Leonora,' No. 3, Beethoven. Solo, violin, Air varié, H. Vieuxtemps. Scena ed Aria, 'Wo berg ich mich' ('Euryanthe'), Weber. Orchestral Pieces—'Ballet des Sylphes,' H. Berlioz; 'Dance des Bacchantes,' Gounod. Romance, 'La fiancée du Marin,' H. S. Oakley. Solos, pianoforte—Gavotte in B minor, Bach; Novelette in F, Schumann. Overture, 'Jubilee,' Weber."

WEYMOUTH.—The *Southern Times* informs us that:—

"Mr. Avant's musical entertainment at the Royal Hotel Assembly-room, was very well patronized, more especially in the reserved portion of the room, where the seats were nearly all occupied. It was refreshing to see once more a satisfactory audience gathered together to listen to music of an elevating character, and it must have been an encouragement to Mr. Avant to find that his undertaking had been so liberally recognized, instead of his being left, as is too often the case in such matters, with heavy expenses and scanty receipts to meet them as the sole reward for the trouble and anxiety inseparable to the getting up of such an entertainment. The principal artists were Mdle. Liebhart, Miss Lucy Franklin, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Avant, and Herr Von Heddeghem. Among the most favourably received "numbers" in the programme were Beethoven's Sonata in A, capitolly played by Mr. Avant and Herr Heddeghem; Mr. Avant's new song, 'Soldier, Rest,' sung by Mr. Stanton; an impromptu by Chopin, played by Mr. Avant; Ralf's trio from the *Rose of Castile*, sung by Mdle. Liebhart, Miss Franklin and Mr. Stanton (encored) 'Little Bird so sweetly singing' by Mdle. Liebhart; and a violin solo, 'Moto perpetuo,' played with remarkable skill by Herr Heddeghem."

A CORRESPONDENT writing to us from Montreal says:—

"The Christmas holidays which are now drawing to a close, I have spent in Montreal. Although a fine and improving city in most respects, in a musical point of view it is very backward; there are few concerts and those of the poorest kind; no good public performers, and the general public taste at the lowest ebb. The (grand) concert in honour of Beethoven had an orchestra of about forty bad players, a chorus to match, and one or two sixth-rate singers. Although Nilsson was at Toronto, the people here could not raise enough to induce her to come. In a town not far from here I heard of a professor having all the best teaching in the place, who had only heard of Beethoven, but did not know any of his music, whilst the names of Schubert, Chopin, &c., were perfectly unknown to him. So much for Canadian musical taste. I miss the London concerts not a little; perhaps when we are annexed to the States we shall keep up with the age better."

MUSIC AND MUSICAL EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—At a time when the great question of the day is education, and at a moment when an Education Bill has made changes in our customs which virtually amount to a revolution, I trust I may be allowed to introduce a subject which has most strangely, but most persistently, been almost ignored by our Governments. I allude to music and musical education.

What art is so extensively cultivated in England as music? What art is capable of such refining and elevating influences amongst the great masses of our people as music? What art is so efficient in bringing into social contact those who otherwise would never meet? What can be more soothing to a mind and body fatigued with the day's work than to listen to, or take part in, practical music? And yet, just in proportion as these great advantages could be utilized for the immense good of the whole busy commonwealth of these isles, so has music been left to take care of itself. Individuals do what our Government should do, and a series of spasmodic efforts made where a central directing power should take the lead. We have a Government School of Mines—a Government School of Design—Science, with her attendant train of ologies, well cared for and housed—in fact, we have aid given to the education of our people in every artistic and scientific pursuit, music alone excepted! Had it not been for the efforts of individuals and combination of individuals, there would literally have been no musical education in Great Britain up to this present year 1871.

I am led to make these observations by an announcement from the directors of the new Albert Hall of "a series of concerts of vocal and instrumental music, organized by the Society of Arts, in aid of a National Training School of Music." This sounds well. The country owes much to the exertions of the Society of Arts, for the light it has thrown upon many subjects. Still, I have misgivings as to its movements in the direction of music, and for this reason. Some years ago a very efficient committee was appointed to inquire into the possibility of obtaining in this country a uniformity of musical pitch. An able report was made, recommending a certain number of vibrations per second as the one deemed most desirable and practicable. Now, for the first time since the publication of this report, has occurred the opportunity of carrying out the decision of that committee. The enormous organ which has been made for the Albert Hall presented the chance of the musical pitch known as that of the Society of Arts being adopted. The Albert Hall committee was almost identical with that of the Society of Arts, and yet the pitch of the great organ will be the highest possible! In spite of the repeated complaints of the singers of the day, and of the difficulties our wind-instrument players experience in playing passages written for their respective instruments when the pitch was much lower, everything has been sacrificed to the attainment of excessive brilliancy of the stringed instruments, and the Society of Arts has stultified itself by adopting that against which it had reported after a lengthened and exhaustive inquiry! Hence arise my doubts as to the direction of the Training School being in the right hands.

About four years ago the Society of Arts again did an immense service to music by an inquiry into musical education at home and abroad. The evidence then collected is most valuable, being quite sufficient to form a basis on which a complete scheme could be established. I believe the Committee of the Society was composed of nearly the same individuals as the former one—at all events, the leading and working members of it were the same.

The subject being now ripe for legislation, what course should be pursued? Unless the proposed scheme is carried in the broadest and longest way, and it embraces the names of the most eminent musical professors—who will not only bring their practical experience to bear upon detail, but who, by their reputation, will be a guarantee of high-class training to intending pupils—failure will result, and one argument the more will be given to our legislators as to the uselessness of attempting a solution of such an impracticable subject. "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," must be the watchword of well-wishers in the proposed scheme. Existing institutions must not be ignored, but utilized for the common weal.

It has been the fashion of late to sneer at the only chartered institution we musicians possess—the Royal Academy of Music—and yet those who most do sneer have but a faint idea of the very practical manner in which a body of professors has of late raised this institution from a bankrupt state (in which it was left some two years ago by a committee of lords and gentlemen) into a position more satisfactory, both as to pupils and funds, than it has ever before known. The question naturally arises, "How has this been done?" By zeal for the institution in which they were educated; by sacrifices and utter abnegation of self; and by a proud endeavour to avert that which would have been deemed a calamity by one and all of them—the closing of its doors to pupils.

The Royal Academy of Music received in 1864 its first subsidy of,

£500 from Lord Palmerston. This was continued during 1865, 1866, and 1867. It was discontinued in 1868 by Mr. Disraeli, but restored on Mr. Gladstone's return to office in 1869.

The Government estimates for Science and Art figure for a sum of £100,000, more or less!!!

There are numerous other educational institutions in London, all managed by committees or individuals, the leading one being "The London Academy of Music," which has done much good service to the cause.

Now, Sir, is it impossible that these various bodies should shake hands and be friends? Cannot Tenterden Street meet South Kensington and St. George's Hall; or are we for ever to be split up into parties and remain without cohesion? Away with caste and clique, and let it be borne in mind that "union is strength."—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

MUSICIAN.

BEETHOVENIANA.

SYMPHONY PASTORALE, No. 6.

(Continued from page 42.)

The above notation of Beethoven's "Symphony Pastorale" is from the second part of the first movement, bars 151 to 170 inclusive. In the full score the three bars, 163, 164, and 165, marked in the notation

with V., appear in the first Violin Part as three bars' rest instead

of three bars' repetition of the following passage:—

Robert Schumann has drawn attention to this error, and Czerny, in the arrangement of this symphony as a duet for two performers on the piano, has adopted the above-mentioned correction.

Further, if we examine Rhythm V. we find also one bar wanting, the rhythmical construction of the passage taken as evidence. Rhythm I. and II., III. and IV., each containing four bars, so should Rhythm V. agree with Rhythm VI., as the bar marked with z cannot be considered as the commencement of Rhythm V., but as the final bar of the preceding Rhythm IV. That a bar is wanting can be proved without special argument, by comparing the passage referred to with the beginning of the whole phrase, which contains in extended melodic simplicity, though not formed in triplets, the same idea that the passage pointed out exhibits; beginning with the fourth bar after the pause as shown from V. to VIII., viz., eight, or twice four, equal bars. We may also mention that a contrary reason can be easily proved.

One of the two theses is certainly incorrect, and under certain circumstances the bar in question marked with z may therefore form the beginning of a new rhythm. This view can be supported, firstly, through the signs of execution which exactly divide the periods V. to VII. in the first part by *f*, in the second by *pp*; secondly, through the formation of the underpart, which divided into two parts from the bar z, are symmetrical. In consequence of it, Rhythm IV. will then appear as one consisting of three bars, though not as an original one of this size, but only formed by the suppression of a fourth bar—a specimen of rhythm seldom met with in Beethoven's compositions, but conditionally now and then introduced. We will leave the re-establishment of the accordance between the passage in question in the first and the corresponding passage in the second part, as an absolute necessity, to those

versed in musical matters—either to omit one bar in Rhythm VI. in the first part, or to repeat one bar in Rhythm V. of the second part. To argue further would be unnecessary, as the origin of the supposed false print is easily explained; but the universal rectification of it is so far more desirable that the rhythmical symmetry in Beethoven's works, showing always the stamp of the highest perfection, the same may be added of the periods in question. We conclude in wishing, that conductors, professors, and admirers of the sublime Beethoven may notice and examine the foregoing arguments.

London, February, 1871.

DOCTOR FERDINAND RAHLER.

[Let Mr. Manns of the Crystal Palace, and his spiritual adviser, "G.," put their careful heads together, and decide the question.—ED. M. W.]

A LETTER FROM VERDI

After the death of Saverio Mercadante, who for so long a period was regarded as the patriarch of Italian (especially Neapolitan) musicians, his post as director of the musical Conservatory at Naples was offered to the author of *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata* and *Rigoletto*. Signor Verdi, however, too well satisfied with the position he has held, and still holds in a great measure, as the most popular dramatic composer of his time, did not appreciate the honour intended to be conferred upon him, and replied to his friend, Signor Florino, who conveyed to him the proposal of the directing members of the Conservatory as follows:—

DEAR FLORINO.—Nothing could have flattered my *amour propre* more than the offer of the directorship of the Naples Conservatoire, conveyed to me through you from the professors of that institution and from so many Neapolitan musicians. It is painful to me not to respond as I could wish, but with my engagements, habits, and love of independent life, it would be impossible for me to undertake so laborious a task. You will say, "How about art?" Very good; but I have done as much as I have been able to do for art, and if occasionally I am to do more, it is indispensable that I should be, as before, entirely free. Were it otherwise you may imagine how proud I should be to occupy the position once held by such founders of a school as Scarlatti, Durante, and Leo. It would have been glorious for me (nor would it be just now a step backwards) to train pupils in the strict and profound, though clear and simple studies of those great masters. I should have liked, as it were, to stand with one foot on the *past*, the other on the *present* and *future*; for of the "Music of the Future" I am not afraid. I would say to young students: "Practice fugues constantly, assiduously, and to the utmost, until you have become so strong and sure as to subject the notes to your will. You will thus learn to compose with freedom, to dispose the various parts naturally, and modulate without affectation. Study Palestrina and some of his contemporaries; pass then to Marcello, and direct your attention chiefly to recitative; attend now and then performances of modern operas, without yielding to the fascination of florid harmony and orchestration, or chords of the diminished seventh—quicksands, or harbours of refuge (as it may be) to all who do not know how to write four bars without their assistance. After superadding a broad literary culture, I would say, finally: Write in good faith, and (provided you can boast an artistic organization) you will become composers. At all events you will not swell the crowd of mere imitators, or be lost among those morbid representatives of our time, who, while searching, and searching, and sometimes working skillfully yet never succeed in lighting upon anything new.

For singing, I should also have recommended the old school, combined with that of modern declamation. To put in practice these rules, apparently so simple, it would be necessary to superintend with so much assiduity that twelve months in the year thus exclusively employed would not suffice. With my, home and personal interests so remote from your city, how could I possibly attend to all these things? Be good enough, my dear Florino, to express my great regret to your colleagues and to the musicians of your "bella Napoli" that I cannot accept an offer with which I feel so highly honoured. I trust you will find the man of whom you are in want—one, before all, learned and strict in discipline. Licences in counterpoint may pass, and occasionally prove effective on the operatic stage; but in a Conservatoire, to progress is to go back to the ancient rules and canons. Adieu! Believe me ever, yours affectionately,
Genoa, Jan. 5, 1871. GIUSEPPE VERDI.

Verdi's admonitions about counterpoint, fugue, and the study of the old masters are, coming from him, delightful—and not less so his denunciations of "diminished sevenths."

SIGNOR TITO MATTIÈ's annual concert is announced to take place on Wednesday evening week, at the Lyceum Theatre. He will be assisted by the members of the Italian Buffa Company, and will produce several of his latest compositions.

MISS LINA GLOVER, the young vocalist who made so favourable a début at the concert of the Schubert Society, is the youngest sister of the late regretted Ferdinand Glover. Miss Lina Glover is gifted with a sympathetic voice, which has been highly cultivated. Her success was decided, and the applause bestowed upon her was thoroughly deserved.

NEW MUSIC.

The Royal Edition of Operas. Edited by ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Gounod's *Faust*. [London: Boosey & Co.]

THE innumerable admirers of the most popular opera of recent times will give a hearty welcome to the latest result of Messrs. Boosey & Co.'s greatest enterprise. *Faust* is now within the reach of everybody with half-a-crown to spare; and that in a form which for convenience, completeness, and beauty is out of all proportion to such a modest sum. We should state that there are two acting editions of M. Gounod's work; one including a Walpurgis Night scene, and an elaborate set of ballet airs written expressly for the Paris Grand Opera, two years ago. The other is that familiar to English audiences, and needing no description. Catering for an English public, Messrs Boosey & Co. have naturally issued the second; and, to make it in every way complete, have appended the cavatina, "Dio Possenti," written for Mr. Santley, and the romanza, "Tutto il creato," better known as "Quando a te lieta." The volume is not less beautifully got up than its predecessors, and we shall be much mistaken if the call for it is not something exceptional.

Novello's Original Octavo Edition of Operas. Edited by NATALIA MACFARREN. Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. [London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.]

THREE hundred pages of Mozart's noblest music for half-a-crown! "What next, and next?" But even more welcome than extraordinary cheapness is the complete form in which the world-renowned opera is issued. The publishers seem determined that no fault shall be found on the score of omission, and not only has every bar of music been printed, with the appendix airs in their proper places, but even the recitatives are given in full—that is to say, the volume contains *Don Giovanni* as an entire thing. Adding to this the fact that music and words are printed in a style not less easy to read than satisfactory to the eye, reason enough is shown for thanks to the publishers. Mrs. Macfarren has done her editorial work with great care, and all notes, signs, and stage directions are reproduced in strict accordance with the composer's MS. What more need be said?

Album-Blatt (Lied ohne Worte) for the Pianoforte. Composed by F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY. Op. 118, No. 46 of the Posthumous Works. [London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.]

THE slowly filtering process to which Mendelssohn's executors submit his musical remains leads to results now and then, and the publication before us is one of them. The "Album-blatt" is a very simple song without words, in E minor, with an episode in the tonic major, and is accompanied in the most obvious form of arpeggio. It may not do much to increase the reputation of him who wrote the "eight books," but, as a matter of principle, the world should possess everything that came from Mendelssohn's pen. This little effusion would, therefore, be welcome if it had no charm of its own, which is far from being the case.

Two Sacred Choruses for Male Voices. Composed by F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY. Op. 115, No. 44 of the Posthumous Works. [London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.]

THE first of these admirable productions is a "Beati mortui" in C major, for two tenors and two basses; adapted for use with or without accompaniment. An appropriate solemnity pervades the music from beginning to end, but it is mixed with the sweetness so characteristic of Mendelssohn, even when dealing with themes of terrible import. How admirably the latter quality suits the words of faith and consolation here illustrated we need not say. Enough that a more expressive or more beautiful funeral anthem could not be found. Solo passages are interspersed, and it is needful for due effect that the composer's intention with regard to these should be faithfully carried out. The second chorus, "Periti antem"—a vigorous *allegro vivace* in D major—is more elaborately constructed than its companion, if not more worthy of Mendelssohn's fame. Mrs. Macfarren has adapted to both an English translation of the Latin text with her customary success, and there can be little doubt that church choirs will give these valuable additions to their repertory a hearty welcome.

Saw ye not the Pallid Angel? Motett for four voices composed by F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY. Op. 116, No. 45 of the Posthumous Works. [London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.]

THIS motett sets out with an *Andante* in G minor of a pathetic though mournful character. The words describe the coming of the Angel of Death and the loss of the household darling; a theme Mendelssohn has treated with the unaffected tenderness to be expected from a nature so full of keen sympathy. But, when reference is made to the "sweet sleep" of the departed one, the composer is even more happy. An *Andante con moto* in G major breathes the very spirit of that sorrow which is not hopeless—which is, in point of fact, largely mingled with subdued joy. The whole composition is a treasure, not so much for abstract worth as music, but for its perfect adaptation to, and expression of, the sentiment of the words.

O, Day of Penitence. Anthem for Lent, for voices without accompaniment.

Composed by CHARLES GOUNOD. [London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.]

M. GOUNOD's undoubted predilection and capacity for church music lead us to anticipate good results from such efforts as that which the work under consideration embodies. In the present case expectation is gratified to some degree at least. The anthem opens with an *Adagio* in G minor, recalling the Saviour's crucifixion, and abounding in sombre harmonies, upon which alone the movement depends for effect. A change to G major, on the words, "Come let us kneel in sorrow and contrition," throws a ray of light upon the gloom; after which the music becomes descriptive of the events connected with the great tragedy, dashing into a vigorous *Allegro* in G minor, for six voices. There is power of a high order in this movement, and when, after an effective climax, the episode in G major re-appears, a masterly impression is created. Next comes a movement in E flat major to the words "Slowly drag on the fatal hours," &c., and the death of Jesus, the eclipse, the rending of the Temple veil, &c., are described in music which, if not adequate to the tremendous theme, is not without power. The movement in G major, "Come let us kneel," is then repeated and ends the work. On the whole, this anthem is worthy M. Gounod's reputation; which it will assuredly enhance.

Lillie's Good Morning. Song. Composed by ELIZABETH PHILP. [London: Boosey & Co.]

Miss PHILP's style is too well known for description, and we need say no more of this song than that it is worthy of its character as a sequel to "Lillie's Good Night."

The Forging of the Anchor. Song. Composed expressly for Mr. Santley by J. BENEDICT. [London: Boosey & Co.]

THIS song was originally produced at the Norwich Festival of 1869, and has since been given by Mr. Santley at the Ballad Concerts in St. James's Hall. It is descriptive and vigorous in the highest degree—it would perhaps gain by more contrast than the treatment affords—while, as need hardly be said, the hand of an accomplished musician is traceable throughout. Energetic baritones ought to welcome the song as a godsend.

Je me souviens. Melodie. Par W. GANZ. [London: Hopwood & Crew.]

THOUGH purely conventional in character this piece is well written and agreeable. Young lady pianists may use it with advantage as a change from the arpeggios, scales, and divers adornments which constitute the run of effusions for drawing-room purposes.

Musical Directory, Annual, and Almanack. [Published by Rudall, Rose, Carte, & Co.]

THE contents of this book are exceedingly various, and for the most part calculated to be of great use to those for whom they are prepared. In addition to the usual information given in almanacks, &c., there are lists of all the town and country professors, with their addresses (which sorely need revision); of all the persons engaged in musical trade or manufacture; of all the societies in London and the provinces; of the principal musical events during 1870, and of the music published in the same year. We need say no more by way of recommending a book which is more or less essential to every professor and amateur.

The Professor's Pocket Book, for 1871, prepared under the direction of Mr. JULES BENEDICT. [London: Rudall, Rose, Carte & Co.]

THE speciality of the book consists of an arrangement whereby entries can be made for every hour in the day, from 8 a.m., to 8 p.m. How useful this must be to professors with multitudinous engagements, needs no showing.

WAIIFS.

Madame Viardot Garcia is to sing at Mr. Henry Leslie's next concert.

Mr. Aynsley Cook is engaged as principal Baritone for the autumn tour through America and California, by the "Parepa-Rosa" troupe.

Miss Waugh is the name of the young lady who accompanied several of the vocal pieces at Mr. John Boosey's "Ballad Concerts," but whose name was omitted in the programme.

"The Morning Post" writes thus of Mr. Lewis Thomas singing in J. F. Barnett's *Paradise and the Peri*:—"Mr. Lewis Thomas showed all the skill of an accomplished and thoughtful artist in the possession of a magnificent voice and a perfect control over its powers."

The theatrical news from Paris is more lively. We learn from the papers that the theatres are preparing to re-open. At the Opéra Comique, there has been a general unpacking of scenes and accessories, which had been piled up the stage, and covered with divers protections against fire; they were taken back to the storehouse in the Place Louvois, whence they were removed three months ago, on the ground that they were far too dangerously inflammable neighbours for the National Library, in the Rue de Richelieu. The scenes of the Opéra (Rue Lepelletier) have passed the siege in their ordinary dépôt in the Faubourg Poissonnière, with three feet of sand upon them. Other theatres

are getting ready to rehearse new pieces; in a month they will all be at work again, and the people who live by them will have a chance of earning their bread. All this is very gratifying, especially the intelligence that the scenery has been saved, instead of being burnt, as had been erroneously reported.—*London Figaro.*

The *New York Advance* says:—"Not long since I heard sung in church the anthem 'Rock of Ages,' in which there is a solo to the words, 'Should my tears,' &c., which was sung as follows:—

'Shoo-hoo-hood my-hi-te-hears
For-eh-verhher flow-ho,
Shoo-hoo-hood my-hi ze-heal
No languor kno-ho,
Thi-his for-hor si-hin could
No-hot ah-ha-to-hone,
Thou-how muh-hust sa-have,
And thou-how ah-ha-lone,
In my hands no price I bring,
Simply to the craw-hoss I-hi cling."

Considerable progress has been made during the last few days towards the completion of the internal arrangements of the Albert Hall. The ugly but necessary scaffolding has all been removed, and the whole of the glass roof has been uncovered, so that the fair and beautiful proportions of the building are now displayed to the view of the spectator. These proportions will possibly never be seen to greater advantage than now; in a day or so, hangings, curtain, and chairs will break the graceful curves. The curtains of the private boxes will be of crimson, and the carpeting of them green; the general draperies throughout the hall will consist of crimson satin, for which contracts have been taken, and are in course of execution in France. In every other respect the fittings will be according to the tastes of the holders, who will be allowed full license, so long as the general effect is not interfered with. The bright, massive pipes of the organ are being rapidly reared in their places, and in all the departments the utmost activity is being displayed under the superintendence of Lieutenant-Colonel Scott and Mr. Wentworth Cole, to perfect the arrangements by the day of the opening ceremonial by the Queen.

A paper war has been raging for some weeks past in the *Daily News* on the high prices of admission to places of public amusement in the metropolis, and this week complaint have been made in the *Times*, as to the unreasonable demands of box-keepers and other officials at our theatres and concert-rooms. There is, of course, a good deal of justice in these outcries, but the wisest man is he who applies his own remedy, and waits not for managers to interfere. Thus it is always amusing to a regular attendant at St. James's Hall, who is not too proud to put his opera hat in the pocket of his overcoat, to watch the agony with which some simple-minded visitor allows himself to be relieved of his belongings, doubtless under the belief that it is merely a device to prevent inconvenience to his neighbours in the concert-room. When, however, he returns to claim his property at 11 o'clock, and finds that a shilling or sixpence has to be paid for the care taken of it, he awakes to the reality that this delicate attention is nothing but a judicious way of levying a tax for the benefit of the proprietors. It is high time that these abuses were abolished. The concert-ticket is usually quite costly enough, and if a hat, coat, or umbrella is to be taken care of, a penny would surely be enough to defray the cost of guarding it for an hour or two.—*Choir.*

On Thursday evening Mr. J. B. Cooper, of Oakhill Park, near Liverpool, gave a performance at his house, before a brilliant audience, of an operetta of his own composition, entitled *Louise*; or, *The Trials of Love*, the scene of which is laid in Normandy, in the autumn of last year. The libretto, by Mr. Walter Boulton, of Liverpool, tells a simple story gracefully and pleasantly, affording scope for the composer to express various interesting phrases of feeling. We can honestly vouch for the quality of Mr. Cooper's music, which is melodious, piquant, and pathetic by turns; and, for an amateur, spontaneous and original. The operetta was represented with full scenic and choral effects and stage properties, and by three charming young ladies, whose vocal skill evoked no less than five well-merited encores. Author and composer were also duly called before the curtain, and enthusiastically complimented. Mr. Cooper is one of the few natives of Liverpool who enjoys a first-rate reputation alike both as man of business, art critic, and composer. *Louise* is to be publicly performed in Liverpool, for the benefit of a local *prima donna*, Mrs. Scarsbrick, and will be shortly published by Messrs. Hutchings & Romer, of London.—*Court Journal.*

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

ASHDOWN & PARRY.—Nos. 13 to 21 of a "Selection of Compositions for the Organ," by Edouard Batiste.
WEEKS & CO.—"The Emperor," Grande Fantaisie Heroïque on "Die Wacht am Rhein," by Albert Pleszonska.
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